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FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY SEPTIMUS SASSAPARAS.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago,
When gals were woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calfskin
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On spindle, swift, and reel;
The boys would ride bare-back to mill
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As huggies now-a-days,
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some forty years ago.

O, well do I remember, Jim,
The Wilson patent stove,
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wore;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got the thing to go,
They said 'twould burn and kill us all,
Some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to be,
For men are always lazing, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much,
Since forty years ago.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALLEN A. DUMAS.
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"
"The Son of Athos," "Louis in
Valtierra," "The Iron
Mask," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE'S WILL.

Rosa had not been mistaken; the judges came on the following day to the Buitenhof, and proceeded with the trial of Cornelius Van Baerle. The examination, however, did not last long, it having appeared on evidence that Cornelius had kept in his house that correspondence of the brothers De Witte with France. He did not deny it.

The only point about which there seemed any difficulty was, whether this correspondence had been intrusted to him by his godfather Cornelius De Witte.

But as, since the death of the martyrs, Van Baerle had no longer any reason for withholding the truth, he not only did not deny that the parcel had been delivered to him by Cornelius De Witte himself, but he also stated all the circumstances under which it was done.

This confession involved the gossamer in the crime of the godfather; manifest complicity being considered to exist between Cornelius De Witte and Cornelius Van Baerle.

The honest doctor did not confine himself to this avowal, but told the whole truth with regard to his own tastes, habits, and daily life. He described his indifference to politics, his love of study, of the fine arts, of science, and of flowers.

He explained that, since the day when Cornelius De Witte handed to him the parcel at Dort, he himself had never touched, nor even noticed it.

To this it was objected, that in this respect he could not possibly be speaking the truth, since the papers had been deposited in a press, in which both his hands and his eyes must have been engaged every day.

Cornelius answered that it was indeed so; that, however, he never put his hand into the press, but to ascertain whether his bulbs were dry, and that he never looked into it, but to see if they were beginning to sprout.

To this again it was objected, that his pretended indifference respecting this deposit was not to be reasonably entertained, as he could not have received such papers from the hand of his godfather without being made acquainted with their important character.

He replied that his godfather Cornelius loved him too well, and, above all, that he was too considerate a man to have communicated to him anything of the contents of the parcel, well knowing that such a confidence would only have caused anxiety to him who received it.

To this it was objected, that if De Witte had wished to act in such a way, he would have added to the parcel, in case of accidents, a certificate, setting forth that his godson was an entire stranger to the nature of this correspondence, or at least he would, during his trial, have written a letter to him, which might be produced as his justification.

contemplation of one of the rarest of his bulls, John De Witte's servant entered his dry room, and handed to him a paper, but the whole was to him only like a vague dream; the servant had disappeared, and as to the paper, perhaps it might be found, if a proper search were made.

As far as Crenke was concerned, it was impossible to find him, as he had left Holland. The paper also was not very likely to be found, and no one gave himself the trouble to look for it.

Cornelius did not much press this point, since, even supposing that the paper should turn up, it could not have any direct connection with the correspondence which constituted the crime.

The judges wished to make it appear as though they wanted to urge Cornelius to make a better defence; they displayed that benevolent patience, which is generally a sign of the magistrates being interested for the prisoner: or of a man's having so completely got the better of his adversary, that he needs no longer any appreciative means to ruin him.

Cornelius did not accept of the hypocritical protection, and in a last answer, which he set forth with the noble bearing of a martyr, and the calm serenity of a righteous man, he said:

"You ask me things, gentlemen, to which I can answer only the exact truth. Hear it. The parcel was put in my hands, in the way I have described. I vow before God, that I was, and am still ignorant of its contents, and that it was not until my arrest that I learned that this deposit was the correspondence of the Grand Pensionary with the Marquis de Louvois. And, lastly, I vow and protest, that I do not understand how any one should have known that this parcel was in my house; and, above all, how can I be deemed criminal for having received what my illustrious and unfortunate godfather brought to my house."

This was Van Baerle's whole defence, after which the judges began to deliberate on the verdict.

They considered that every offshoot of civil discord is mischievous, because it revives the contest which it is the interest of all to put down.

One of them, who bore the character of a profound observer, laid down as his opinion that this young man, so phlegmatic in appearance, must in reality be very dangerous, as, under this icy exterior, he was sure to conceal an ardent desire to revenge his friends the De Witte.

Another observed, that the love of tulips agreed perfectly well with that of politics, and that it was proved in history that many very dangerous men were engaged in gardening, just as if it had been their profession, whilst really they occupied themselves with perfectly different concerns; witness Tatinqui the Elder, who grew poppies at Gabbili, and the Great Conde, who watered his carnations at the dungeon of Vincennes, at the very moment when the former meditated his return to Rome, and the latter his escape from prison.

The judge summed up with the following dilemma:

"Either Cornelius Van Baerle is a great lover of tulips, or a great lover of politics; in either case he has told us a falsehood, first, because he having occupied himself with politics is proved by the letters which were found at his house; and secondly, because his having occupied himself with tulips is proved by the bulbs, which leave no doubt of the fact;—and herein lies the enormity of the case. Cornelius Van Baerle was concerned in the growing of tulips, and in the pursuit of politics at one and the same time, the prisoner is of hybrid character, of an amphibious organization, working with equal ardor at politics and at tulips, which proves him to belong to the class of men most dangerous to public tranquillity, and shows a certain, or rather a complete, analogy between his character, and that of those masterminds, of which Tatinqui the Elder and the Great Conde have been felicitously quoted as examples."

The upshot of all these reasonings was, that his Highness, the Prince Stadtholder of Holland, would feel infinitely obliged to the magistracy of the Hague, if they simplified for him the government of the Seven Provinces, by destroying even the last germ of conspiracy against his authority.

This argument capped all the others, and in order so much the more effectually to destroy the germ of conspiracy, sentence of death was unanimously pronounced against Cornelius Van Baerle, as being arraigned, and convicted, for having, under the innocent appearance of a tulip-fancier, participated in the detestable intrigues and abominable plots of the brothers De Witte against Dutch nationality, and in their secret relations with their French enemy.

A supplementary clause was tacked to the sentence, to the effect that, "the afore-said Cornelius Van Baerle should be led from the prison of the Buitenhof to the scaffold in the yard of the same name, where the public executioner would cut off his head."

As this deliberation was a most serious affair, it lasted a full half-hour, during which the prisoner was reminded to his cell.

The Recorder of the States came to read the sentence to him.

Master Gryphus was detained in bed by the fever caused by the fracture of his arm. His keys passed into the hands of one of his assistants. Behind this turnkey, who introduced the Recorder, Rosa, the fair Frisian maid, had slipped into the recess of the door, with a handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs.

Cornelius listened to the sentence with an expression rather of surprise than of sadness.

After the sentence was read, the Recorder asked him whether he had anything to answer.

"Indeed, I have not," he replied. "Only I confess that among all the causes of death, against which a cautious man may guard, I should never have supposed this to be comprised."

On this answer, the Recorder saluted Van Baerle, with all that consideration which such functionaries generally bestow upon great criminals of every sort. But whilst he was about to withdraw, Cornelius asked, "By-the-by, Mr. Recorder, what day is the thing—you know what I mean—to take place?"

"Well, to-day," answered the Recorder, a little surprised by the self-possession of the condemned man.

A sob was heard behind the door, and Cornelius turned round to look from whom it came; but Rosa, who had foreseen this movement, had fallen back.

"And," continued Cornelius, "what hour is appointed?"

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"Indeed," said Cornelius. "I think I heard the clock strike ten about twenty minutes ago: I have not much time to spare."

"Indeed you have not, if you want to make your peace with God," said the Recorder, bowing to the ground. "You may ask for any clergyman you please."

"Saying these words he went out backwards, and the assistant turnkey was going to follow him, and to lock the door of Cornelius' cell, when a white and trembling arm interposed between him and the heavy door.

Cornelius saw nothing, but the golden brocade cap, tipped with lace, such as the Frisian girls wore; he heard nothing but some whispering into the ear of the turnkey. But the latter put his heavy keys into the white hand which was stretched out to receive them, and, descending some steps, sat down on the staircase, which was thus guarded above by himself, and below by the dog. The head-dress turned round, and Cornelius heard the face of Rosa, blanched with grief, and her beautiful eyes streaming with tears.

She went up to Cornelius, crossing her arms on her heaving breast.

"Oh, sir," she said, but sobs choked her utterance.

"My good girl," Cornelius replied with emotion, "what do you wish? I may tell you that my time on earth is short."

"I come to ask a favor of you," said Rosa, extending her arms partly toward heaven.

"Don't weep so, Rosa," said the prisoner, "for your tears go much more to my heart than my approaching fate, and you know the less guilty a prisoner is, the more it is his duty to die calmly, and even joyfully, as he dies a martyr. Come there a dear, don't cry any more, and tell me what you want, my pretty Rosa."

She fell on her knees. "Forgive my father," she said.

"Your father, your father!" said Cornelius, astonished.

"Yes, he has been so harsh to you, but it is his nature, he is so to every one, and you are not the only one whom he has bullied."

"He is punished, my dear Rosa, more than punished, by the accident that has befallen him, and I forgive him."

"I thank you, sir," said Rosa. "And now tell me—oh, tell me—I do anything for you?"

"You can dry your beautiful eyes, my dear child," answered Cornelius with a good tempered smile.

"But what can I do for you, for you I mean?"

"A man who has only one hour longer to live must be a great Sybarite, still to want anything, my dear Rosa."

"The clergyman who they have proposed to you?"

"I have worshipped God all my life, I have worshipped Him in his works, and praised Him in his decrees. I am at peace with Him, and do not wish for a clergyman. The last thought which occupies my mind, however, has reference to the glory of the Almighty, and indeed my dear, I should ask you to help me in carrying out this last thought."

"Oh, Myneer Cornelius, speak, speak!" exclaimed Rosa, still bathed in tears.

"Give me your hand, and promise me not to laugh, my dear child."

"Laugh," exclaimed Rosa, frantic with grief, "laugh at this moment! but do you not see my tears?"

"Rosa, you are no stranger to me. I have not seen much of you, but that little is enough to make me appreciate your character. I have never seen a woman more fair or more pure than you are, and if from this moment I take no more notice of you, forgive me, it is only because, on leaving this world, I do not wish to have any further regret."

"Rosa felt a shudder creeping over her frame, for, whilst the prisoner pronounced

ed these words the heltry clock of the Buitenhof struck eleven.

Cornelius understood her. "Yes, yes, let us make haste," he said, "you are right Rosa."

Then, taking the paper with the three suckers from his breast, where he had again put it, since he had no longer any fear of being searched, he said, "My dear girl, I have been very fond of flowers. That was at a time when I did not know that there was anything else to be loved. Don't blush, Rosa, nor turn away; and even if I were making you a declaration of love, alas! poor dear, it would be of no more consequence. Down there in the yard, there is an instrument of steel, which in sixty minutes will put an end to my boldness. Well! Rosa, I love flowers dearly, and I have found, or at least I believe so, the secret of the grand black tulip, which it has been considered impossible to grow, and for which, as you know, or may not know, a prize of a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Horticultural Society of Haarlem. These hundred thousand guilders—and heaven knows I do not regret them—these hundred thousand guilders I have here in this paper; for they are won by the three bulbs wrapped up in it, which you may take, Rosa, as I make you a present of them."

"Myneer Cornelius!"

"Yes, yes, Rosa, you may take them, you are not wronging any one, my child. I am alone in this world; my parents are dead; I never had a sister or brother. I have never had a thought of loving any one with what is called love, and if any one has loved me, I have not known it. However, you see well, Rosa, that I am abandoned by everybody, as in this sad hour you alone are with me in my prison, consoling and assisting me."

"But, sir, a hundred thousand guilders!"

"Well, let us talk seriously, my dear child: those hundred thousand guilders will be a nice marriage-portion, with your pretty face; you shall have them, Rosa, dear Rosa, and I ask nothing in return but your promise that you marry a fine young man, whom you love, and who will love you, as dearly as I loved my flowers. Don't interrupt me, Rosa, dear, I have only a few minutes more."

The poor girl was nearly choking with her sobs.

Cornelius took her by the hand.

"Listen to me," he continued: "I'll teach you how to manage it. Go to Dort and ask Buitenshied, my gardener, for soil from my border number six, fill a deep box with it, and plant in it these three bulbs. They will flower next May, that is to say, in seven months; and, when you see the flower forming on the stem, be careful at night to protect them from the wind, and by day to screen them from the sun. They will flower black; I am quite sure of it. You are then to apprise the President of the Haarlem Society. He will cause the color of the flower to be proved before the committee, and those hundred thousand guilders will be paid to you."

Rosa heaved a deep sigh.

"And now," continued Cornelius, wiping away a tear which was glistening in his eye, and which was shed much more for that marvellous black tulip which he was about to see, than for the life he was about to lose,—"I have no wish left, except that the tulip should be called 'Baerle's Black Tulip'; that is to say, that its name should combine yours and mine; and as, of course, you do not understand Latin, and might therefore forget this name, try to get for me pencil and paper, that I may write it down for you."

Rosa sobbed afresh, and handed to him a book, bound in shagreen, which bore the initials C. W.

"What is this?" asked the prisoner.

"Alas!" replied Rosa, "it is the Bible of your poor godfather Cornelius De Witte. From it he derived strength to endure the torture, and to bear his sentence without flinching. I found it in this cell, after the death of the martyr, and have preserved it as a relic. To-day I brought it to you, for it seemed to me that this book must possess in itself a power which is quite heavenly. Write in it what you have to write, Myneer Cornelius; and though, unfortunately, I am not able to read, I will take care that what you write shall be accomplished."

Cornelius took the Bible, and kissed it reverently.

"With what shall I write?" asked Cornelius.

"There is a pencil in the Bible," said Rosa.

This was the pencil which John De Witte had lent to his brother, and which he had forgotten to take away with him. Cornelius took it, and, on the last fly-leaf (for it will be remembered that the first was torn out), drawing near his end like his godfather, he wrote, with a no less firm hand—

"On this day, the 23rd of August, 1672, being on the point of rendering, although innocent, my soul to God on the scaffold, I bequeath to Rosa Gryphus, the only woman I have loved, and who has remained to me of all that I have possessed in this world, the last having been confiscated; I bequeath, I say, to Rosa Gryphus three bulbs, which I am convinced must pro-

duce, in next May, the Grand Black Tulip, for which a prize of a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Haarlem Society, requesting that she may be paid the same sum in my stead, as my sole heiress, under the only condition of her marrying a respectable young man of about my age, who loves her, and whom she loves, and of her giving the black tulip, which will constitute a new species, the name of 'Rosa Baerle's'; that is to say, hers and mine combined.

"So may God grant me mercy; and to her health and long life!"

"CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE."

The prisoner, then giving the Bible to Rosa, said:

"Read."

"Alas!" she answered, "I have already told you I cannot read."

Cornelius then read to Rosa the testament that he had just made.

The agony of the poor girl almost overpowered her.

"Do you accept my conditions?" asked the prisoner, with a melancholy smile, kissing the trembling hands of the afflicted girl.

"Oh, I don't know," she stammered.

"You don't know, child, and why not?"

"Because there is one condition which I am afraid I cannot keep."

"Which? I should have thought that all was settled between us."

"You give me the hundred thousand guilders as a marriage-portion, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And under the condition of my marrying a man whom I love?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, sir, this money cannot belong to me. I shall never love any one; neither shall I marry."

And, after having with difficulty uttered these words, Rosa almost swooned away in the violence of her grief.

Cornelius, frightened at seeing her so pale and sinking, was going to take her in his arms, when a heavy step, followed by other dismal sounds, was heard on the staircase, amidst the continued barking of the dog.

"They are coming to fetch you. Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried Rosa, wringing her hands. "And have you nothing more to tell me?"

She fell on her knees, with her face buried in her hands, and became almost senseless.

"I have only to say, that I wish you to preserve these bulbs as the most precious treasure, and carefully to treat them according to the directions I have given you; do it for my sake, and now farewell, Rosa."

"Yes, yes," she said, without raising her head, "I will do anything you bid me, except marrying," she added, in a low voice, "for that, oh! that is impossible for me."

She then put that cherished treasure next her beating heart.

The noise on the staircase which Rosa and Cornelius had heard was caused by the Recorder, who was coming for the prisoner. He was followed by the executioner, by the soldiers who were to form the guard round the scaffold, and by some curious hangers-on of the prison.

Cornelius, without showing any weakness, but likewise without any bravado, received them rather as friends than as persecutors, and quietly submitted to all those preparations which these men were obliged to make in the performance of their duty.

Then, casting a glance into the yard through the narrow iron-barred window of his cell, he perceived the scaffold, and, at twenty paces distant from it, the gibbet, from which, by order of the Stadtholder, the outraged remains of the two brothers De Witte had been taken down.

When the moment came to descend, in order to follow the guards, Cornelius sought with his eyes the angelic look of Rosa; but he saw, behind the sword and halberds, only a form lying out-stretched under a wooden bench, and a death-like face half covered with long golden locks.

But, Rosa, whilst falling down senseless, still obeying her friend, had pressed her hand on her velvet bodice, and, forgetting everything in the world besides, instinctively grasped the precious deposit which Cornelius had entrusted to her care.

Leaving the cell the young man could still see, in the convulsively-clenched fingers of Rosa, the yellowish leaf from that Bible on which Cornelius De Witte had with such difficulty and pain written these few lines, which, if Van Baerle had read them, would undoubtedly have been the saving of a man and a tulip.

[Continued next week.]

In one of Josh Billings' late papers he says: "The sun was a going to bed, and the heavens far and near were a blushing at the performance!"

"What's all this talk about the currency and the five-centives and the civilities that I hear about, Mike?" "Why, bless your soul, don't ye know, Pat? It unites that the Government wants to make laborin' men work from five-twenty in the mornin' till six-thirty in the evenin'."

"Och, the spalpeens! May the devil choke them!"

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

(Frankfort Yeoman.)

Mr. Wm. Daugherty, of this city, has laid before us a copy of the "Mayville Eagle" (a weekly) of October, 19th 1825, and a printed circular, without date, addressed to the people of Kentucky by his grandfather, Dr. Michael Daugherty, of Mayville, on the subject of a land decision by the new Court of Appeals. Also a fragment of an old Philadelphia journal.

These documents are all yellow with age, and filled with interesting reading matter, including advertisements, characteristic of those times. In the paper of Oct. 19 we find that the Eagle was "printed and published by Lewis Collins," which we presume indicates that he was also the editor. Mr. Collins is better known to the present generation of Kentuckians as the author of the History of Kentucky bearing his name. The size of the Eagle at that time was about one-third what it is now, but its contents show that it was conducted with great spirit and ability.

The first page of the number dated Oct. 19 contains a three-column story, entitled "The Strawberry Girl," copied from the New York Free Press, and "A Letter from Europe—No. VI," sent back from Limerick, Ireland, by the editor of the New York Statesman. On the second page we find "The address of the President of Mexico to the Mexican Congress" (name of the President not given); next a column of extracts from "The Speech of M. M. Noah at Ararat"—one extract being devoted to the identification of the North American Indians with the Lost Tribes of Israel, and the other to the eloquent maintenance of the proposition that "Agriculture is the natural and noblest pursuit of man;" and then, after a few more miscellaneous excerpts, comes two columns of advertisements. Of these two columns, Mr. Cox, bookseller, occupies a whole one with a catalogue of his goods, headed, "New Books." Then comes J. T. Edgar's advertisement of his seminary of learning, under the caution of "A Literary Aylum," which he concludes with the statement that "a few moral boarders will be taken." Next, the card of two citizens of Potosi, Mo., and one of Mayville, Ky., headed, "Stop the murderer!!!" and offering \$1,000 reward for the apprehension of William Hill, who murdered William M. Perry near Potosi, on the 17th Sep. 1825. The description of Hill winds up as follows: "He is 50 years old, chews tobacco, is fond of gaming and drinking, and, in fine, is addicted to every vice." Next comes a reward of \$40 for a runaway negro slave—a boy named Aaron—by Alfred Metcalfe, &c. The third page is devoted to editorial and general news. First, the editor informs a correspondent that "Spectator" shall appear next week. Then comes the inevitable weather paragraph, stating that whereas the forepart of October, up to the Sunday before, had been unusually warm, it had since undergone a change and was now (on the 19th) cold. But we have not the space to give a complete description of this fifty-year old paper. But one Kentucky paper is copied from or noticed in this old paper, namely, the Danville Advocate.

In the fragment of the old Philadelphia paper, the name and date of which have been torn off, but which was evidently printed in September, 1824, we find the "Louisville (Kentucky) Public Advertiser" quoted from as affirming that Louisville has been healthy this season, and that "the inhabitants of the Ohio shores generally, have abundant cause to feel grateful to the Most High for the good health they have enjoyed." This ancient Philadelphia newspaper is filled with notices of the tour of Gen. Lafayette (then the guest of the United States) through the Eastern States, the ovations he everywhere received, &c., and with sharp editorials and reprinted paragraphs advocating the election of J. Q. Adams, then Secretary of State, to the Presidency. It also contains a notice of the death of Rev. David Coldwell, in Guilford county, N. C., on the 19th August, 1824, aged 99 years and 5 months; he having been born in Lancaster, Pa., in March, 1725. Among the advertisements we find the names of Drs. Physic and Chapman, Thos. P. Cope & Sons, H. C. Carey & Lea, E. Littell, Thomas Sully, J. J. Audubon, Titian R. Pelee—all names well-known to the country, as those of distinguished Philadelphians.

Among the advertisers in the Old Mayville Eagle are the names of A. M. January, Wm. Hinson, Jr., Dr. Shackelford, John Armstrong, G. W. Wilson, J. M. Morton, J. B. West, James Shackelford, Wm. Anno, L. Guhek, Val Peers and others whose names are still familiar in that part of Kentucky. Val Peers advertises a cotton factory for sale, and John Armstrong says that Marshall's History of Kentucky can be bought at his store.

"John, I came very near selling my shoes the other day," said one man to another. "How was that?" "Why, I had them half-soled."

The doctors don't believe in advertising—it's unprofessional you know—but let one of 'em tie up a sore thumb for John Smith, and they'll climb seven pairs of stairs to have a reporter "just mention it, you know."

The hair from a ladies' braid should never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's coat, unless the parties are engaged.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1 00
One square, each additional insertion, 50
One square, one year, 10 00
One-fourth column per year, 30 00
One-third column, per year, 40 00
One half column, per year, 60 00
One column, the year, 100 00

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.
One inch of space constitutes a square.
The matter of yearly advertisements changed quarterly free of charge. For further particulars, address
J. & P. BARNETT & Co., Publishers.

How Nick Bowers Was Caught. Nick Bowers was a member of the original Christy Minstrels, and in his day was the greatest middle-man-interrogator known in the profession. Nick used to tell with great merriment, an incident of his boyhood. To preserve the flavor of the relation 'we' will record it in Nick's own language, and only regret that we cannot accompany it with his infimitable gesticulations.

"My old man," said Nick, "as a general thing, was a pretty steady old gent, but once in a while he would get obnoxious, and water was not the cause of it. I recollect a certain holiday was approaching, and I had been skinning around to get a little money to have a time with on that day, but the fates and purses were against me. It was but two days prior to the holiday, and I hadn't nary a red. Remember this, boys, when I add that on the same afternoon I came into the house, when lo! there on the floor, totally overcome by his litiations, lay my respected daddy, and beside him lay six shining half dollars which had rolled from his pocket. Boys, I've been an honest man all my life, but once when a boy I committed a theft. I hooked one of those half dollars. Think I to myself, the old man's been a jamboree, and won't know how much he spent, and will never miss it. But mark you, the next morning I and my two brothers were summoned into my father's presence. The old man's face lowered, I thought of the half dollar and I knew a storm was brewing."

"Boys," said he "last night when I came home I had six half dollars. One of 'em's gone. Your mother didn't take it. There's been no one else in the house. Which one of you took it?" We all protested our innocence.

"Boys," said the old man, "that half dollar never walked off, and I'm going to find out which one of you took it."

Turning around, he took down from the wall an old flint lock blunderbuss. This he deliberately loaded with powder and buckshot in our presence; then fastening it on the table, cocked it, took a seat behind, holding the string in his hand, and in solemn tones addressed us thusly:

"Boys, I'm going to discover the thief and punish him at the same time. You must each of you blow into the muzzle of that gun. When the guilty one blows, off goes his head. Now then, you have a chance, will you own up, or blow up?"

"Den," said the old man to my eldest brother, "have you got that half dollar?"

"No, sir."

"Take a blow."

"Nick," (eh, boys, I'll tell you the chills began to roll down my back,) "got that half dollar?"

"No, sir," said I with a defiant swager

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27, 1875.

THE FRANKFORT TRAGEDY.

A Lexington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* furnishes that paper with a history of the murder of *SOLON P. SHARP* by *JEROME O. BEAUCHAMPE*, at Frankfort, on the night of November 6, 1875. This history, while in the main correct, is erroneous in several essential particulars, as is shown by the testimony in the case, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form. The true chronicle of the tragedy runs thus:

SOLON P. SHARP—who was killed in his thirty-eight year—was a very popular man in the State, who (lacking the substantial elements of greatness) was possessed of those superficial qualities that the shrewd demagogue often artfully parades before the unthinking crowd as the gifts of heaven-bestowed genius; had served several terms in the Legislature, two terms in Congress, and at the time of his death was again a member of the Legislature. His brilliancy was that of paste-diamond compared to that of the genuine precious stone, yet the eyes of the people could not detect the cheat. He was a man whose intellectual and moral qualities were subordinated to his beastly nature and lustful passions.

He had, among other serious offenses against decency, wrought the ruin—under promise of marriage—of a young lady of good family in Lincoln county, named *ANN ELIZA COOK*. Subsequently young *BEAUCHAMPE*, who had just entered upon the practice of the law, met *Miss Cook*, was charmed by her loveliness, and made honorable suit to her for her hand. She recoiled from the idea of uniting her tarnished name to that of an honorable man, and though her lover's appearance and devotion was not without effect upon her heart, she declined his proposals. He persevered, and forced from her the acknowledgment that his passion was reciprocated, but that there was an insuperable bar to their union. He insisted upon knowing what it was that stood between them, and declared—after the manner of all bawled lovers—that he would perform impossibilities but he would overcome the obstacle. Finally he prevailed, and she confessed the wrong *Col. SHARP* had inflicted upon her. And here the *Commercial's* correspondent interpolates the novelists—*G. P. R. JAMES* and *W. GILMORE SIMS*, both of whom wrote romances founded upon the tragedy, *Sims's* story being a pretty close imitation of that of the English writer, which appeared first—creation of a moonlight scene wherein, for the young lady's hand, *BEAUCHAMPE* pledged himself to take *SHARP's* life. Nothing of the kind occurred. He absolved her of fault, in that she was the victim of a villain, and again offered her his hand. She accepted, and they were married, and they settled down to married life of apparent content if not actual happiness. There was nothing to show that they ever wasted a thought on *SHARP*, until in the last race *SHARP* ran, and only a few months before his murder, his opponent charged upon him the seduction of *Miss Cook*. This *SHARP* denied, and brazenly asserted from the stump that the child of the wronged woman was of negro parentage on the father's side. This came to the ears of the young couple, and then it was that the indignant husband left his home with the avowed intention of making *SHARP* eat the slanderous words, acknowledge the wrong he had done the lady, or take his life.

As he had to ride to Frankfort on horseback, it took him several days to reach there from his home. It was about the middle of the afternoon when he arrived, and after putting up his animal and changing his clothing, he took his pistol from his saddlebags, secured it about his person, and sought the defamer, whom he found in the public-room of the Weisiger Hotel. Approaching him *BEAUCHAMPE* told him who he was and the object of his journey, at the same time producing his pistol and giving him choice between a public acknowledgment then and there of having villainously slandered a deserving young woman he had wronged, or a violent death on the spot. *SHARP* then fell upon his knees and begged for his life, confessing his wrong towards *Miss Cook*, and acknowledging that he had slandered her when he stated that she had given birth to a negro child. *BEAUCHAMPE* had in one hand the cowhide he had used in his journey, and with this he struck the kneeling wretch several

blows upon the back and shoulders. He then turned upon his heel, left the hotel, and went to the house where he had stopped. Next morning, hearing nothing from *SHARP*, he left Frankfort and returned to his home.

He had been there but a short time, when he received a letter from Frankfort, written by a friend, wherein he was informed that *SHARP* was repeating his foul slander, and claiming that the retraction was coerced from him by an armed and desperate man at a time when he was unarmed and unable to defend himself. *BEAUCHAMPE* once more visited Frankfort, and this time slew *SHARP*. Had he walked into any public room and shot *SHARP* down, or did it on the public streets, in the face of men and day, public sentiment and posterity, would have held him acquit of crime, and justified him in the act.

It was a foolish, aye an insane thought that prompted him to disguise himself, by blacking himself like a negro, and wearing old and ragged clothes in keeping with the character he assumed, and waiting until the town was quiet, and then decaying his victim to the door, smite him with his dagger to the death. Again the correspondent of the *Commercial* is mistaken right there. *BEAUCHAMPE* did not raise his mask and *SHARP* recognized who he was. He told him who he was. *SHARP* started to spring back out of his reach, but the murderer was too quick for him, and struck the fatal blow with the dagger. This was about one o'clock, as some of the family of *SHARP* thought, on the morning of November 7. After accomplishing his bloody object, *BEAUCHAMPE* repaired to the bank of the Kentucky river, where he had his horse and ordinary clothing hidden, washed the black from his face and hands, changed his clothes, hid the ones he had perpetrated the murder in under some stones—where they were subsequently found—mounting his animal, and spurred towards his home. Of his arrest, trial, attempted suicide, and death on the gallows, it is not our province to speak, as they are not essential to the object we had in view when we sat down to pen this article.

LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN.

FRIEND MEHEMIT—Education although very young in this country, is making rapid strides toward civilizing the lower classes. Schools have sprung up on every hand, where the children of the poorer classes can receive the rudiments of a common English education, free of charge.

Although doing so much good, this common school system has its disadvantages also. In the first place it has created a host of hungry office holders, who, as in everything else in this country, take advantage of their position to make all they can out of it. The county Commissioner of Education has the power to dictate what books must be used in the schools under his charge. These books are published by different publishing establishments, and cases have come to light where the County Commissioner has been heavily bribed to introduce the books of one establishment to the disadvantage of others just as good. Thus putting the poorer classes to unnecessary expense, but at the same time filling his own pockets with the proceeds of this nefarious transaction.

Another thing that produces untold miseries to the community is the licensed sale of intoxicating drinks. Would you believe it, friend Mehemit, in this country where men boast of freedom from all kinds of tyranny, is tolerated one of the greatest despots that earth ever produced?—this tyrant is Rum, and his slaves are innumerable. In every little town, village or city, he has his temples, where wretches in the form of men preside as his priests, dealing out to their votaries a poison more deadly in its effects than the bite of the poisonous adder; maddening men's brains, causing murder, rapine and misery, making children fatherless and mother's childless, and this evil is not only tolerated but fostered by this Christian government. The men who preside over these temples of iniquity are, as a general rule, men lost to all sense of pity, and grown altogether callous to the miseries they daily inflict on their fellow men. I have known cases where the poor wretches who had hung around one of those dens of iniquity until his money was all gone, was told to leave, and on his refusing to do so, was kicked out by the brute that presided over the den, and actually perished from exposure to the terrible cold he was forced to endure; and the whisky seller went scot free, and was respected as before by those proud Sons of Liberty. Oh, for the bastinado, and willing hands to use it on the worse than villain that can take the poor man's last cent for his waters of hell, and not content with that, would strike the kneeling wretch several

also. There are other evils tolerated in the community, but I will pass them over as being too numerous to record, and go on to the social state of this strange people.

I heard so much talk when I first arrived here of freedom, equality, and rights of man, that I actually began to think I had of a verity arrived in the paradise of earthly perfection. But, after associating with the people for a few weeks, the scales dropped from my eyes and I saw the real state of things with a different vision.

Society is about the same here as in any other country, and instead of every man being on a footing of equality, I find their exists as many different casts among those free American citizens as you can find amongst the natives of Hindoostan. Every grade of society associates with those of the same order, and thus it is only in imagination that all their boasted equality exists. The aristocracy of the cities look down on the toilers of the country with a good deal more of contempt than the boastful aristocrat of England looks from his pedestal of Normal blood on poor Hodge, who is condemned to wear out his hard life to keep my lord on that same pedestal.

Another curious trait of Americans are their farming servility to those sprigs of royalty that time and again honor them with their presence. Boasting a strictly republican government, whose object is to teach the people the lesson of kindly hatred, the incongruity of this is glaring to a stranger. Only a few months since the King of the Canibal Islands, a savage that rules some islands lying somewhere in the Pacific ocean, took a notion to visit the United States. Although only a savage, he was of royal blood, and there seems to be an infatuation about this that an American can not withstand. He was feted and feasted in every city at the expense of the civil governments, and the homage thus paid to a savage monarch by a free people appeared to the uninterested stranger disgusting in the extreme. I am told the heir to the throne of Russia visited this country some time ago, and those proud lovers of freedom cringed and flattered this soon-to-be autocrat to such an extent that he got disgusted and ashamed of them himself, and there is no knowing where it would have ended, had not some of the more patriotic journals put a stop to it by holding up to ridicule the idiotic baseness of the upper strata of American society.

LETTER FROM DIXON.

DIXON, KY., Oct. 17.
EDITOR HERALD—Seeing in the last issue of the *HERALD*, that you have added to your list a few correspondents from other portions of the State, and that you desired to increase the list, I have decided to give you an occasional sketch from this part of the State. I believe it is a generally conceded fact that Dixon is one of the prettiest and most healthful places in South-western Kentucky. There are between five and six hundred inhabitants within the corporate limits of the town. There are eight dry goods stores, three groceries, two drug stores, two hotels, four blacksmith shops, and one tin shop, the latter is kept by Squire Maury, formerly of your town. But, best of all, there is not a grogshop in the place; consequently, we stand aloof from many of those demoralizing influences incidental to most towns. Not a drop of whisky can be had at either of the drug stores without first obtaining a written prescription from some practicing physician. The "Local Option" question was submitted to a vote of the town a year ago last August, which resulted in its favor. Last August the same question was submitted to the whole precinct, and was again successful. There is one thing, however, that does not reflect much credit on the citizens of Dixon, there is but one church in the place, though it is a very fine building, built by a denomination, known as Christians.

Crops in Webster county, especially the tobacco crop is finer and heavier than they have been during any year of the last ten.

On Friday the 8th inst. I was in attendance at the Hopkinsville fair. It was a great day. There were not less than 10,000 people on the grounds, most of whom were from different portions of Western Kentucky. I don't think I ever witnessed as much enthusiasm in all my life, as I saw manifested on that day. It was generally understood that Hon. Jefferson Davis was to make a speech at the fair grounds on that day. When he entered the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheer after cheer rent the air in every direc-

tion; at the same time the warmest sympathy for Mr. Davis was clearly manifest in every countenance. A more feeling reception was never witnessed before; than that which was extended to Mr. Davis. In a few minutes he was on the stand; and after a moments pleasant conversation, at the same time smoking a cigar; the President of the Fair Association introduced him. Breathless silence reigned as he stepped forward and bowed to the audience in front of him, again the air was rent with hoarse acclamations; he then bowed to those on his right, and so all the way round. He then began, but I shall not attempt to give any part of his speech; but I must say, I never heard any thing to equal it. He is 67 years old, was born in Christian county, of which Hopkinsville is the county seat. I confess I was disappointed in the personal of the leader of the "Lost Cause." He is of medium height, and his weight I guess is about 130 pounds. Notwithstanding he is erect, and his voice still strong, yet his face tells the sad fate of the confederacy. He has a finely developed forehead, but it seemed to me that I could read from the deep furrows in his face, many a tale of the past, and that he had undergone much mental trouble. He is indeed an orator. There was much pathos in the first part of his speech, but the remainder was calm, forcible and eloquent. At the close of his remarks he gave a touching tribute to Breckinridge, which again filled the air with responsive cheers. As he left the stand the same enthusiasm prevailed that did as he came in.

FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM KY., Oct. 26.

Very little business was done in town last week, owing to the fact that most of our citizens were in attendance at Quarterly court, one half of the town was trying to make the other pay another man's debts, but the would-be force party had to pay the costs. There is much complaint from the mining companies that they cannot get half enough cars to ship the coal they sell; it is to be hoped speedy arrangements will be perfected to supply the demand.

We listened to a fine sermon delivered by Rev. W. W. Cook, at Liberty, last Sunday, he held his audience spell-bound for nearly an hour by his eloquent remarks. His sermon seemed to meet general approbation, we trust his ministerial duties on this circuit will be of lasting benefit. In the afternoon the choir met and sang some beautiful pieces of music. We acquired for the benefit of "Ali Ben Hassan," if any of the ladies had the headache so he could inform his friend "Mehemit" of the state of affairs in this heathen land, but we could not find a single person so afflicted. I trust in his letter on the "evils and good of society," he will use that Caueyville mud-hole for an illustration.

What has become of "R" did spelling "vocabulary of language" choke him, or has he got the "shakes"? A lady while riding through the woods on Sunday remarked that she would like to see some poetry on leaves that "lie dark and dead," woud "Roblew" write it for her?

Colonel McLeod of Louisville, was in town last Sunday. Dr. G. F. Mitchell, has an attack of typhoid fever. John Conner, running as baggage-master on the West-bound train due here at 11:05 p. m. fell from the car door as the train was nearing this point last night and was killed. It is supposed he was asleep, and when the whistle blew he jumped up with lantern in hand and in his hurry, fell from the car door. He was a resident of Cecilian junction. Juso.

LETTER FROM FORDSVILLE.

FORDSVILLE, KY., Oct. 23.

EDITOR HERALD—It has been some time since I undertook to write anything from this part of the moral vineyard. I have nothing of importance to write now, but will give you the crop items: The corn crop is very good on up land; the tobacco crop has turned out better than the planters at first anticipated, though they do not think there will be over one-half of a crop. The probability is that it will be light, and by deducting the amount destroyed by the flood of July and August, and also the loss by light weight, I think the above estimate about correct. Weddings have been the order of the day for the last two weeks; Hymen has been doing his duty in this section. Our young friends John M. Johnson and William H. Smith have gone on a pleasure trip to Bowling Green, and contemplate visiting the Mammoth cave before they return.

AGRICULTURE.

THE CROW HOUSE.
Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.
JOHN S. VAUGHN Proprietor.
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.
Mr. Vaughn will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, commencing with all passenger trains on the L. P. & Southwestern railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire. nol ly

CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,

—WITH—

GARDNER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John P. Barrett. Judah A. Harrison. Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.



CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Neth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

C. P. BARNES & BROS.,
Jewellers, Main st., bet. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

FIRST

New Goods

OF THE

SEASON.

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

DRY GOODS.

Gents and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and

FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." nol ly

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

JAMES H. TAYLOR, Admr., vs. **Equity.**
JAMES H. TAYLOR's heirs, vs. **Equity.**
All persons having claims against the estate of **JAMES H. TAYLOR**, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.C.C.
July 11, 1875.

MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

M. & K. will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and

Baile counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always paying higher prices, in CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage.

WM. H. WADSWORTH, A. T. HALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market prices.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARTFORD MALE

FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A.B.,

aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be paid at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00

Junior . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

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WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

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Reference:—Jas. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis, Hartford, Ky.

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RESTAURANT.
(EUROPEAN PLAN.)
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.
Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GOWAN, AMERICA'S WHEATON, 235-3m

JUST FROM THE EAST!

E. SMALL

with his mammoth stock of Fall and Winter goods, consisting in part of

DRY GOODS

Men & Boys Clothing!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BLANKETS, COMFORTS, and LADIES' FURS.

Also the largest assortment of

FINE DRESS GOODS

Ever brought to this market, all of which he offers at lower prices than ever before.

Millinery Goods!

of every description are always kept on hand.

N. B.—The very highest market price will be paid for furs, hides, dried fruit, feathers, &c.

\$15

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JOHN P. TRACY & SON.

UNDERTAKERS.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of wooden coffins, from the finest rose wood casket to the cheapest pine casket.

All kinds of coffin trimmings constantly on hand and for sale.

Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend funerals.

Wagons and Buggies,

constantly on hand or made to order. Particular attention given to plow stock.

W. H. MAZTY.

ALFRED WURT.

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UNDERTAKERS,

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All kinds of coffin trimmings on hand and for sale cheaper than any house in town.

General Wood Workers.

We are also prepared to do all kinds of wood work such as making and repairing wagons, buggies, &c., on short notice and in as good style and at as low prices as our Granger friends could ask.

We desire your patronage, and guarantee satisfaction.

MAUZY & HURT.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
Louisville, Paducah & Southwestern.
The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 5:30 a. m. and arrives at
Cecilian Junction at 11:25 a. m.
Grayson Springs at 12:25 p. m.
Leitchfield at 1:25 p. m.
Beaver Dam at 2:25 p. m.
Rockport at 3:25 p. m.
Owensboro Junction at 4:25 p. m.
Hartford at 5:25 p. m.
Northville Junction at 6:25 p. m.
Paducah at 7:25 p. m.
The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at
Northville Junction at 7:40 a. m.
O

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.
—AT—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
promptness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The price on every copy of THE HERALD is
paid at this office.
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,
invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers
for the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.
Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of adobe keepers and dealers in
imitating liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.
All communications and advertisements for publication
must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising, and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Hyer, Judge, of Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. E. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. F. Sandifer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the 1st Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. S. Pitts, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Bessell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Casey District, No. 1.—P. H. Allford, Justice,
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December
15, E. F. Tifford, Justice, held March 18, June
4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 13, September 2,
December 18, D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Renter,
Justice, held March 31, June 11, September 31,
December 13, T. S. Bonney, Justice, held
March 18, June 25, September 17, December
30.

Belle Store District, No. 4.—Dan. Newton,
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,
December 27, B. W. Leach, Justice, held March 21,
June 10, September 25, December 11.

Porterville District, No. 5.—J. W. Cobb,
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8,
December 22, J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 24,
June 7, September 22, December 6.

Elita District, No. 6.—J. S. McElroy, March
9, June 21, September 9, December 23, Jas.
Miller, Justice, held March 23, June 6, September
24, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper,
Justice, held March 13, June 23, September 14,
December 29, A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 23,
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29,
December 17, Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17,
June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, held March 13, June 21, September 13,
December 28, Jas. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26,
June 12, September 23, December 11.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. O.
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September
21, December 7, Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Barfield District, No. 11.—W. B. Cummins,
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10,
December 24, J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,
June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford.—J. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Crawley.—W. D. Barard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27, 1875.
W. R. BONNER, Local Editor.

Particular Notice.
All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we
are under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

Special Notice
We have erased from our subscrip-
tion list the names of all subscribers
whose time has expired. We hope
they will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now
until the 1st of January next to any
address for 40 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with
name, post-office address, county and
State, legibly written.

JNO. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Hartford, Ky.

A Splendid Investment.
We will send the Farmers' Home
Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and THE
HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per
year, to the same address for the small
sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the
money and get both papers.

Jail talk.
Circuit court is near at hand.

Matrimonial stock is in the decrease.

Robberies are being committed in
Warren county.

Dr. J. H. Baldwin, of Elizabeth-
town, was in the city Sunday.

Work on the new jail commenced
Monday.

Chestnuts are selling in this market
at two dollars per bushel, and it is re-
ported that the crop is a good one.

The local editor of the Monitor is
going to take a visit through the
Green River country soon.

We are glad to announce that Miss
Sallie Taylor, who has been seriously
ill for several days past, is improving.

A large crowd of people were in
town Monday, preparing for the com-
ing circuit court.

Our young friend, W. H. Griffin,
has about recovered from his last
week's illness.

The "Jolly Hunter" was out in fly-
ing colors Sunday. Hardwick and
Williams are her officers.

There is a great many red foxes in
the woods below town, and the lovers of
a chase are having their fun.

The Owensboro Examiner says the
hog cholera has made its appearance op-
posite that city, and up the river as far
as Rockport.

Mr. Warren Griffin, of Elizabeth-
town, who has been spending several
weeks in town, left for his home Mon-
day.

We add another new correspondent
to our list this week. He writes from
Dixon. Read his letter and see the
nice style in which he does the thing.

Monday last, Amanda S. Vance
came to town and swore out a writ of
bastardy against George G. Martin.

A panorama and music-tester was
the main attraction Monday evening,
on Market street.

All that Hartford needs is about
45,000 more dogs, and it would be a
good idea to import them so as to get
good barkers.

The Owensboro Monitor thinks half
the population of Owensboro Junction
is made up of people who started to
Nevada and missed connection.

Rev. W. W. Cook, our present cir-
cuit rider, has entered upon his duties.
His family arrived here one day last
week.

To-morrow night is the regular
meeting of the Good Templars. We
are requested to ask the members to
come out. Please don't forget this.

We are very sorry to learn of the
dangerous illness of Mr. Andrew
Miller, an old and much respected cit-
izen and farmer of this county, at his
residence a short distance below town.

A new coal company has been organ-
ized in Henderson, composed of the best
business men of the city, under the
name of the Henderson Coal and Min-
ing company.

We direct your attention to the
notice of the Master commissioner, E.
R. Murrell. Claims against the estate
of A. Porter Baird must be presented
by the first day of November, or they
will be barred.

Times are hard and money is scarce,
but people find it to their advantage to do
their dealing with Mauney & Hart.
They have quite a number of hands em-
ployed, and any work in their line will
be sold at the lowest cash figures.

Capt. N. Ben. Peck, representing
the firm of Gardner & Co., will be
in this place to-morrow.

The Capt. is a good salesman, and he sells
just such goods as he represents. See
his "ad" in another column.

Rev. George Savage, of Covington,
Ky., the agent of the American Bible
Society, will deliver a lecture at the
courthouse to-night. Everybody
should hear this able Divine.

Mr. John A. Taylor, a farmer in
the Cromwell neighborhood, has a field
of clover of which a great deal meas-
ures four feet three and a half inches
in length. This clover was sowed last
March, but the field in which it was
grown has not been used as a pasture,
which accounts for its great height.

There seems to be a great deal of
dissatisfaction among our citizens in
regard to the location of the new Jail.
Some want it built on the public
square, while others contend that the
lot upon which the old one now stands
is the proper place. We hope this
thing may be settled satisfactory to all,
but then a county court never did do
anything that would please the entire
public.

The rain of last Monday night will
bring up the wheat now in the ground,
and afford an opportunity to finish
breaking.

Save Money in Buying Clothing.
By going to J. Winter & Co., corner
3d and Market, Louisville. Their
stock is unsurpassed by any house in
the city and prices lower.

A stalwart horse attached to a
spring wagon ran away last Saturday
morning. It passed down Union
street under full headway, and could
not be stopped by any one. Louis
Guenther, the driver, was thrown
from the wagon, hurting one shoulder
pretty badly. The horse ran a dis-
tance of about three miles, without re-
ceiving any injuries, but the wagon
came out minus two wheels.

We were shown a bear, yesterday,
on Second street, that weighed 167
pounds. One copy of the Local one
year, to any of our Granger friends
who will beat that best two ounces.—
Union Local.

Phaw, that's nothing. Lots of
beats raised in this county weighs over
two hundred pounds. They are dead
beats of course, and then we have a
Cob(h) six feet and two inches long.

Mr. J. F. Rice inserts an advertise-
ment in today's paper. Now is the
time to rid yourselves of your old
sewing machines. If your machine is
out of order bring it to him at once,
and let him clean and adjust it for you.
His charges are reasonable, and his
work is first-class. He has second-hand
machines for sale, and will exchange
new Weed or Remington machines for
second-hand machines of any kind.
His offices are at the Crow House;
Hartford, and D. L. Barnett's, Back
Horn.

Mr. Ellington F. Strother, a promi-
nent young lawyer of this place, left
last Monday on a visit to Texas, where
he will remain about three months.
He will visit his brother, Alvin Stroth-
er, a resident of Ennis, Ellis county.
We wish him a pleasant journey and a
safe return to his many warm friends
of this place.

You Want a Nice Over Coat
And cheap—then go to the great
Clothing House of J. Winter & Co.,
Louisville, and you will be sure of a
bargain.

Marshall's Notice.
The town-tax is now due, and I am
authorized and directed by the trust-
ees of the town of Hartford, to make
immediate collections, and hope all
the good citizens of Hartford will be
ready to pay their tax when called
upon by me. N. J. Wise, M. T. H.
Oct. 26, 1875.

The store house and residence of Mr.
George Hall, at Vine Grove, in Har-
din county, on the L. P. & S. W. R.
R., was burned on Monday night.
The loss is about \$3,000, insured in the
Home Company, of New York, for
\$1,900. The fire is supposed to be the
work of an incendiary.

Yesterday morning as the train came
down from Elizabethtown to Cecilian
junction, it overtook a man walking on
the track. The engineer whistled down
brakes and stopped the train before it
quite reached him. The conductor
had to get out and lead him off the
track until the train passed. He is
thought to be crazy. We did not learn
his name.

We have been again remembered by
that queasily landlady of the Crow
House. We know not how to express
the kind feeling we entertain for her
kindness in remembering us time after
time with the nicest lunches we ever
sat down to. She knows playing with
the lever of a press is not much fun,
and as regularly as we engage in this
amusement, we receive a cup of good
hot coffee, with other nice things, to
stimulate us for the occasion.

General Bankruptcy.
There is a probability that some poor
fellow who forgot to go home until
"after the evening shadows fell," will
get his horse's foot fastened in a hole
on one of the levee bridges, and either
break his horse's leg or his own neck,
which would break his wife's heart,
who would sue for damages and break
the county, and in the general smash-
up the grand-jury would break the
road overseer into infinite atoms, so
small that "Mountain-Grip" would
fail to stick him together, should
his wife be so unfortunate as to gather
up all the fragments, and thereby
break a grand fundamental law of na-
ture.

Transfers of Real Estate.
The following transfers of real estate
have been lodged for record since our last
report, viz:
E. H. Coleman to John Austin, 1
acre in Beaver Dam, \$275.00.
Wm. P. Raley to Joseph N.
Raley, 5 interests in 150 acres on
Muddy creek, \$125.00.
Mrs. M. F. Wallace to Wm. H.
Byers, \$325.00.

Marriage Licenses.
The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:
James W. Stone and Miss Ameri-
ca Patterson.

A Select School.
The many friends of Mrs. Emma H.
Gruelle will be pleased to learn that
she has consented to open a select
school for children next Monday. Mrs.
Gruelle is the most popular teacher of
children we ever had in Hartford, and
it is to the persuasion of many of the
heads of families in our town that she
has at length concluded to return to
teaching. Her school will continue
three months, and her terms will be
\$1.00 per month for each scholar.
Parents desiring to subscribe pupils,
will confer a favor by leaving their
names at Z. Wayne Griffin's Drug
Store, where a subscription paper will
be found. We hope Mrs. Gruelle will
obtain a large and remunerative
school, for she is a competent teacher
and deserving lady. We understand
that it is her intention to procure the
hall under the Masonic Lodge for her
schoolroom.

A Fatal Accident—The Baggie
Master Jumps from the Cars and
is Almost Instantly Killed.
Monday night when the West
bound passenger train reached Cecil-
ian, the section boss of that place
boarded the train to act as baggage
master, for the regular man for that
business. The gentleman had per-
formed his duty well until just before
reaching Beaver Dam, when he seated
himself on a trunk in the baggage car,
and had fallen into a doze. When the
train whistled for the above named
place, he sprang to his feet, grabbed
his lantern, and leaped from the car,
the fall killing him almost instantly.
The cars being under headway, did
not stop until they reached the depot,
when it was announced by the news
boy that a man had fallen from the
cars just at the whistling to put on
brakes. The conductor ordered the
engineer to back up and get the un-
fortunate man. He was put upon the
train and carried to Rockport, and as
the East bound train passed, which
was about three hours after the West
bound, he was returned to Cecilian a
corpse.

Accidental Shooting—For Once the
Right Person Hit.
Last Thursday, two young men re-
siding some eighteen or twenty miles
above town on the H. & M. R. R., whose
names we were unable to ascer-
tain, were in Hartford, and had start-
ed home. When about two and a half
miles out from town, they met a col-
ored youth about their own age, some
seventeen or eighteen, a son of Nathan
Hines, of color, who was riding a mule.
One of the young men asked him what
he would take for his mule. The ne-
gro replied: "A shooting from your
lip." This enraged the young white
man, who swore he would shoot the
negro. Attempting to cock his pistol,
with the muzzle of the weapon firmly
grasped in his left hand, in his excite-
ment he let the hammer fall upon the
cap, which exploded, discharging the
pistol, and sending the bullet through
his left hand. This satisfied him with
shooting negroes for that day. Fright-
ened half to death, imagining that his
hand was shot off, he and his companion
put spurs to their animals and galloped
off toward their homes, leaving the
colored boy rejoicing at his escape.

Accident to an Acrobat at the
Calhoun Fair.
Last Thursday, the third day of the
Calhoun Fair, an acrobat named At-
chison, who had been engaged by the
Fair Company to make an ascension,
met with an accident which may yet
be attended with fatal results. The
following are the particulars as related
to us by eye witnesses of the event:
While the balloon was being inflated
with hot air, the top, unobserved by
acrobat or spectators, caught fire.
When he had ascended about three
hundred feet, the flames enveloped the
entire top of the air-ship, and it began
descending with fearful velocity. When
nearing the top of a tree, Atchison be-
gan rocking the basket, hoping to di-
rect and lodge the now unmanageable
balloon into its top. Seeing that he
could not accomplish his purpose, he
then clambered down the rope used
for trapeze performances while in the
air, with the purpose of clutching a
limb of the tree for safety. The limb
broke with his weight, and he fell to
the earth beneath with such violence
as to break one of his legs in two places,
and produce serious internal injuries,
that it is feared may yet prove fatal.
He was stunned to insensibility by the
fall, in which condition he remained
during the entire night of Thursday.
Next morning, when our informant
left Calhoun, he was reported to have
recovered his consciousness and felt
somewhat easier, though the attending
physicians professed to have but little
hope of his ultimate recovery.

On last Friday evening a young gen-
tleman from the Centertown vicinity
had an occasion to visit this place, and
while here invested a few "shin-plast-
ers" in prize candy for his sweet-heart.
While meandering over the city, he
chanced to give us a call to see us
"strike off" some papers. Shortly
after leaving this office he discovered
that he had lost his candy, and he came
rushing breathlessly up the stairs and
inquired for the "devil." He was
shown the proper person, when he ad-
dressed him thusly: "See here, Mis-
ter, I'll be go durn my upper shot, ef
you don't give up that candy I got fer
my gal, I'll make yer think you've
elided with a streak of double-headed
lightning. His Satanic Majesty in-
formed him that he had not seen the
lost treasure, but an old gentleman
from Beaver Dam had just found a
small package at the foot of the steps,
and was off for home, but if he would
start immediately he could overtake
him before he got far. The last we
saw of him he was going in the direc-
tion of Beaver Dam making 2:40
time

Worse Than Brutality—Murder of
an Unborn Infant.
"Bite" Fielden, a young man who, a
year or two ago, married a widow
Roach, daughter of John Harris, all
living in the Sulphur Springs neigh-
borhood, committed one of the most in-
human acts, a few days ago, that we
have ever been called upon to record,
and sincerely hope another of like na-
ture may never come to our ears. We
learn that Fielden had been in the
habit of whipping his wife, and had
been arraigned once in court for thus
treating her, but made his escape to
another State, and returned only a
short time ago. His wife, who was
enraged, was playing with him a few
days ago, when he became enraged
and kicked her, crushing the unborn
child's head, and breaking its leg
and arm, in short, tore the child up
in a most frightful manner, after which
he stamped and beat her upon the
floor.

Whose duty is it to look into this
affair? We hope the proper one will
look into it, and punish this villain to
the full extent of the law. What will
become of the country if such men are
allowed to run at large and commit
such outrages as these without being
punished?

Unnatural Desertion.
The ways of some women are incom-
prehensible, and we may add, in many
instances, so are the maneuverings of
mankind in general. As an illustra-
tion—the flight of Mrs. Christian from
the loving tenderness of her husband,
and the joys, comforts and motherly
duties surrounding her home, for the
amorous embraces of an almost stran-
ger, is so closely allied to the romantic
that it taxes the belief of those unac-
quainted with the shady side of human
nature. This unfortunate woman, fol-
lowing the dictates of her criminal and
unnatural infatuation, deserts the home
of her husband and stifles the love that
burns in the bosom of every mother for
her darling baby, which, no doubt, the fond
husband hoped would be an additional
link to the chain of love which bound
their hearts together. Mr. Charles
Christian, of this county, the husband,
followed them to Louisville where he
lost all trace of the fugitives. He is
still on the search, and we wish him
success, and hope the punishment of
the destroyer of domestic happiness and
honor may be commensurate with the
crime.

There is a fair price for everything,
and advertising is no exception to this
rule. As for ourselves, we have a
price on our columns, and if we can
not get somewhere near what we think
space in our paper is worth, we let the
would-be advertiser pass, and leave
him to seek some cheaper medium for
reaching the people. We have had a
case in point, recently, in the person
of a patent medicine man. He asked
our price for a certain amount of ad-
vertising; we told him \$40; he said
his price was \$12. He afterwards
agreed to pay us the handsome sum
of \$20 for \$40 worth of advertising.
Well, of course, we declined the lib-
eral offer, when we were assured by
him that he had made better arrange-
ments with the other papers. In re-
ply to this we told him that we had
not charged him any more than we
thought the space in the Examiner
was richly worth—that it was as cheap
as we could do it and live, and be-
yond that we did not propose to go.—
Owensboro Examiner.

We had a call from this same would-
be advertiser, but he only wanted \$30
worth for \$12. He told us the same
tale that he tells the Examiner, that
he had made much better bargains with
other papers, whereupon we politely
informed him that they were the papers
for him to do his advertising in.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

Exact Size of Our \$15 Watches



A NEW TIME-TESTER
WILL WIND ANY WATCH

PRICE \$50. C. P. BARNES & BRO., Jewelers,
(By Mail) Main st., bt. 6th & 7th Louisville, Ky.

The Fish-trap—A Nuisance.
The fish-trap on Rough creek, some
fifteen or twenty miles above Hartford,
to follow the meandering of the stream,
has not only become a source of con-
siderable annoyance to the neighbors
living in the immediate vicinity, but
also a fountain-head from which flow
disease which spreads for miles around.
In the summer and fall when the creek
is low, the dam pushes back a body of
water some five or six miles, which
becomes stagnant, emitting a stench
from the almost putrid water and de-
cayed vegetation, that is sickeningly
laden with malaria, which breeds
chills and fatal fevers. This can be
remedied by an order from the County
Court ordering its removal, and the
complete demolition of the obstruction
to the free flow of the stream can be
accomplished in a few hours, with lit-
tle or no cost to the county. An order
placed in the hands of some neighbor,
who has had his corn fields robbed,
and his rails and tobacco sticks burned
by the rowdies from a distance who
congregate there of nights to watch
the trap, drink whisky, play cards,
and make night hideous with their
demoniacal yells, would be cheerfully
obeyed.

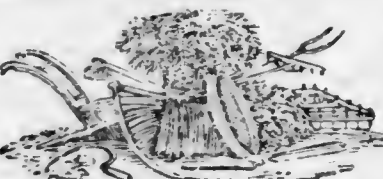
Accidental Poisoning.
Last Tuesday morning, the wife of
Mr. Amos Hagerman, a farmer, who
resides about six miles above town,
feeling like she was going to have a
chill, concluded to stave it off with a
dose of quinine. On the mantelpiece
was a paper of white powders she had
tasted and found bitter, which she sup-
posed to be quinine, but which turned
out to be strychnine her husband had
purchased last spring for the purpose
of poisoning coons. This she dissolved
in water and swallowed. Fortunately
it proved to be an inferior article, its
deadly qualities having materially
evaporated from long exposure to the
air, and it was some five or six min-
utes before she began to experience the
peculiar burning sensation of the poi-
son. It immediately flashed upon the
members of the family present that she
had swallowed poison, and a hurried
examination of the premises verified the
suspicion. They began at once drench-
ing her with oil and new milk, and
hurried a messenger off to town for Dr.
J. T. Miller, who, on his arrival found
her in convulsions. He resorted to all
the usual appliances to relieve her
stomach of its dangerous guest; and,
thanks to the inferiority of the poison
and the prompt measures taken by the
family to counteract its effects, he suc-
ceeded in removing the last vestige
from her system. She is now as well
as ever, and will, doubtless be a little
more careful of what she swallows
hereafter. People should be careful
how they leave poison lying around
loose about their houses, for had the
strychnine used in the present case not
lost a goodly portion of its strength, a
good woman and excellent housewife
would have forfeited her life to care-
lessness little short of criminal.

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THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Granger Politics.

The Order of Patrons of Husbandry is now one of the greatest powers on the American Continent. When it first began to attract attention, it was thought unworthy of any serious notice. Fears and ridicule were deemed fully equal to its destruction, and when it began to be evident that, regardless of these, it was growing at a rate astonishingly rapid, the enemies wheeled about, and sought consolation in what they supposed to be analogy. Said they, "The Grange organization grows too quickly to stand long. It is mushroom in character; it springs up in a night, and in a like manner will pass away." This is a fair sample of what we have heard people say. The cause for the Grange movement was deep-rooted and long standing, though very little noticed. The farmers felt that they were placed at a disadvantage, and various ineffectual attempts were made from time to time, to give agriculture as good a chance to succeed as the sister arts. At last the day dawned for the production of a man capable of giving practical expression to a plan that would procure for agriculture the place of honor to which this purest and best of all callings is entitled.

And, before we pass on, we have one thing to say. It is the reproach of the world, that its greatest benefactors often suffer neglect. Let the farmers see that this does not happen to the men that project the organization that is going to make agriculture answer to the description of Washington, when he called it the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man.

And this Order, to which all, who have been enriching themselves at the expense of agriculture, look with no ordinary solicitude, not a plant suited to the soil of the East. Its proper home is in the West and South. There are some sections in the East where it can grow, but not many. The farmers of an old and thickly settled country do not need a combination to enable them to procure their rights.

If, in England, labor was scarce, Trade's Unions among the mechanical classes, as a protection against the tyranny of capital, would be unknown.

And, similarly, if the farmers of the South and West had a home market—had big cities filled with people to consume everything they can raise so that there would be no surplus to transport to a distance—they would not be compelled to unite for the purpose of procuring justice. A farmer near New York or Boston, has no earthly cause for complaint. He can take his produce right to the door of the consumer, and get as much as any millman who procures his supplies from other sections, and who to the first cost has to add that of transportation as well as something to repay him for his own trouble. It is therefore quite evident that the establishment of Granges, or something of the same sort, was a necessity for the States over which it has spread.

The Order will exist just as long as it can do good, and no longer. A thing that subserves no honest purpose will not be sustained. And so ridicule has failed, the mushroom story is getting stale, and the enemies of the Grange movement are trying to frighten the country by raising the cry of politics. It would be terrible for the patrons to put even their little finger on such a thing—wouldn't it? If those who are trying to get up an excitement by an agitation of this aspect of the case, will just tell what in their opinion what the Grangers ought to do, and what they ought not to think about, it will be the easiest thing in the world to determine as to the justice of the charges introduced in this connection.

No man in the name of the Grange, and as a Granger, can have anything whatever to do with party politics. But politics pure and simple—the great questions that bear directly on the pockets of us all—and party politics, are two different things. This is an idea which the trained and cunning demagogue of both political parties does not want the farmer to understand. We have said that the Grange movement is especially adapted to the South and West, but we do not mean that it has anything sectional about it, or that it carries into its counsels any memories of the war. Not at all. It put behind it everything of that sort, and would have its members press on to the great industrial conquests of the future. It wants to see the resources of this glorious country developed. In this way,

every means that can assist in reaching such a splendid end, becomes a legitimate subject for the Grange to discuss; in this way, politics—or if you prefer it, political economy—but not party politics, will occupy the intelligent Patrons' thoughts.—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

Woman on the Farm.

The following sensible article is from that sensible farmers' paper, the *Western Rural*. There is no position connected with farming that requires one to be so instant in thought, in season and out of season, as that of the housewife. When cooking, she must have her thoughts revolving at the rate of three hundred revolutions in the minute, or some of the numerous irons are sure to burn. Those cakes, that roast coffee and numerous other things, must be attended to at the right moment, or we sit down to burned cake, cold coffee, or a dish of pork and beans burned nearly to a cinder.

How's this? Well, she has so much to do, so many irons in the fire, and, withal, has been a little careless. How could it be otherwise? Just a little carelessness on her part is sure to bring her to grief, and her husband to burned or spoiled victuals, and to drink black swill and call it coffee.

A good housewife must have her wits about her all the time, or the leakage from the kitchen will materially diminish the profits of the farm. Bits of meat, bread, cake and pie, which could be just as well saved, are carelessly thrown away. In the course of a year, could they be placed in a pile, they would greatly astonish the cook, and account for the hundred dollars deficit in the farmer's calculations. A stream of small things daily pouring from the kitchen in a year's time would swell into a small brook, which would prattle of carelessness and waste, and kindly teach a valuable lesson to all who would deign to listen.

The swill barrel is the key that opens the secrets of the housewife's dominions of cookery. If in the heterogeneous mass are floating liberal quantities of bread and cake, pudding and pie, potatoes and meat, it is ominous of carelessness and unthinking waste. What is thrown into the hopper by the provident hand of the farmer, passes over the tail-board of the kitchen into that ominous gathering, the swill barrel; and the dollars that should go to clothe herself and children, are swallowed up in the greasy waters of that open-mouthed catch-all.

Want of order and care rob us of a mint of money, without our seeming to notice the leakage, without our taking heed to the lesson which is before us from one year's end to the other. Wastefulness is the twin brother of poverty. At first they appear to be distant from each other and without a family look; but as age creeps on they grow to look alike, and at last, when side by side in the poor-house, the resemblance is perfect, and we wonder that we had never noticed it before.

The true economy in the kitchen is to have everything in order and in its place, to save everything that is useful. A little saved to-day, and day by day as the months glide by, will insensibly grow into notice, and at last be properly appreciated. Extravagance is the extreme, and like wastefulness, swallows up the dollars without any equivalent; indeed, they are in their results synonymous, both showing the disappointed improvident crawling out at the little end of the cornucopia.

The man who has a good housewife, in whom order and economy hold a prominent place, may consider himself as blessed among men, and if he can not appreciate her, he deserves the execration of all women, and to be pelted with rotten eggs by unfortunate men.

Deep and Shallow Plowing.

I suppose it is an unsettled question as to whether deep or shallow plowing is the best. After all the discussions I have seen on the subject have been compared with my own experience, and I am fully convinced that deep plowing is the best; and if most soils,

except sandy or gravelly, could have a further addition of subsoiling, the benefit would be still more visible. If underdraining is beneficial, then subsoiling will be; for the nature of the two operations are similar, though one may be preferable to the other. If the soil is naturally deep, the farmer who plows eight or nine inches deep will have much the advantage over the one who plows only four or five inches; the former soil would not become exhausted so quickly, and it would stand drought much better. If the soil is shallow, then you can improve upon nature, and make it more fertile by gradually plowing deeper. If the roots or plants incline to go down after fertilizing material, and mature in time of drought, sound reason teaches that by stirring the soil

thoroughly and deeply we shall get the best results. If this is not the case, why do crops on those lands in Jefferson county, where the rock is near the surface, prove an entire failure in time of drought? A man from Hiram county, told me that on farms where they plowed deepest and plowed in the manure, they could now keep forty cows where only thirty were kept before. They had dug down two feet and put in manure, covering with the same soil they took out; the place could be seen by a large growth of grain. Two years ago, I broke up a piece of rather mucky soil. I put on three horses, and plowed it fully nine inches deep, and planted it in corn. It was heavy. Last year I sowed it to oats, and seeded it down. This year, although the drought was very severe, the hay crop was good.

About sixteen years ago, two Englishmen settled on Long Island. They purchased a small piece of land for the purpose of gardening for the New York market. Their land was badly worn out, and something must be done to fertilize it for gardening purposes. As they had not the means for buying and hauling manure, they enriched by digging it all over two feet deep and filling the bottom with small stones. The result was that their garden was more productive than some others where large quantities of manure was applied. This will prove that there is some truth in the words of the poet:

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
You'll have corn to sell and keep."

More Stock and Better Stock.

Our farmers, in the revolution of time, should not lose sight of the importance of stock raising, as one of the most important branches of farming, in a financial point, to market the products of the farm as much as possible, through cattle, hogs or sheep; remembering that it pays best to feed good stock. Better have a few thorough-breds and grades than scrub stock at any price, and when once established with wood stock, with judicious treatment, a farmer may rely upon a ready demand and good prices, while scrub stock is a drug on the market. Fine stock costs more in the start, but the difference is soon made up in the early maturing, superior quality, and greater size, while it takes the same feed and labor, in a short space of time.

Farmers, make the start now; secure a good Durham bull, and perhaps one or two heifers, and when you once become acquainted with the merits of the Short Horns, you will wonder why people will continue to raise scrub stock, and you will also be convinced that farmers can't afford to raise scrub stock on farm lands worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars per acre.

Most farmers recognize the importance of having improved breeds of hogs, as no one would think of feeding corn to the old long legged breeds; and what is true of hogs is true of sheep and cattle, and even of horses—that the money is made out of the better leass of stock, while commoner stock little more than pays the expenses of raising. Farmers, get good stock, and with good care make the best investment for money.

A Few Sheep on the Farm.

The relative profit is much greater, says the *American Rural Home*, from a small flock than a large one. The grain farmer, no matter how few his acres, can make money by keeping a few sheep. There is always room for them somewhere, and they consume and turn into money food that otherwise would waste.

But he must be careful not to overstock. To illustrate: Suppose the farmer cultivate only eighty acres, raising grain chiefly. He keeps a few cows and the necessary teams. One-fifth of his meadow, one planted, one spring grain, and one wheat. He thinks he has as much stock as he can profitably keep, but if he puts on one sheep to every five acres he will find their products clear gain. In the spring, early, they can run on the soil which is to be planted, and one sheep to each acre will not hurt the field, and, yet they will live well. After that they can go into the pasture, and will glean a few for the cows to advantage. A run on the stubble after harvest will not be felt where each sheep has two acres, and in the fall there is plenty of feed. Through the winter they can be well kept, a what the other stock would not consume, with the addition of a little grain. Probably the most profitable are some of the coarser wooded lands. Their lands sold to butchers for high prices, and when fat they bring as much as a yearling steer. Sixteen mutton sheep, well managed, would produce a yearly income of one hundred dollars, where, if none were kept, nothing would be realized. The greatest drawback is liability to loss by dogs; and it is a disgrace to any State to protect its ears so well that they expect to a certain extent, the only animal which can cheapen the meat and clothing of the people.

Fences.

One of the best evidences of a good farmer is that everywhere upon his premises there are good strong fences. The importance of having and keeping superior fencing is not realized by the mass of the farming community, hence we see the great stretch of poor dilapidated concerns that are scarcely able to hold themselves together. Good fences can be made at comparatively small cost in this country, and in the long run are far less expensive than the inferior. Besides the fact that they give a brisk businesslike look to the farm, impressing beholders with a sense of the soundness and solidity of the owner, they save an immense amount of trouble and annoyance. A farm that is poorly fenced is always open to the inroads of breaching stock. In fact it is an utter impossibility to keep them out. Growing crops are often seriously injured by invasion of a neighbors stock, and in nearly every case will give rise to some unpleasantness between the parties. Where a farmer has plenty of good oak and locust timber he can build a fence that will last for years, and turn any stock, for fifty or seventy-five cents a panel. This fence (the post and rail) is, in our opinion the best and cheapest. It is true that its cost seems considerable, but when it is once made it serves for nearly a lifetime. Compare its original cost with that of the common "worm" fence, adding the expense of repairing the latter every few years, and you will observe that the former will pay you in the end.

When a farmer has but a limited capital, and makes very little more than expenses, there is no better way to invest this balance, than in making good fences. A hundred panels each year will soon count up, and soon he will see his farm pointed at with envy, and its value greatly enhanced. It is an evidence of thrift and good-headedness, and, much as the idea is ridiculous, there is nothing that helps so much as presenting a good appearance. The far-sighted farmer has an eye to this. He knows that the credit of a man who shows tumble-down fences and rickety barns, is not very good. It should be clear to the mind of every farmer that the good appearance of his farm will be advantageous to him in more ways than one.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.

LEMON CUSTARD PUDDING.—Three lemons (grated), one pound of sugar, eight eggs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; beat the yolks of the eggs and the lemons together; add the juice; stir the butter and sugar together, and mix with the eggs and lemons; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add just as the pies are ready for the oven. Bake on deep plates, with an under crust.

TO COOK LIVER.—Soak the liver in salt and water over night, and in the morning slice thin and fry in butter to a moderate crisp, and you will have a nice dish.

COOKING RICE.—Put into the oven a pan with rice and the requisite quantity of water or milk, and keep it cooking moderately till done—half an hour perhaps—then turn it, without stirring, into a dish for the table. The rice grains, feathery as snow flakes, will be whole and the skin which forms over the mass in the commencement of cooking, and it can be stripped off before turning out the rice, prevents the escape of the delicate aroma of the rice, and you have a fine flavored food, in place of the pesty, insipid result of boiling and stirring.

CARE OF CANARIES.—Occasionally place in the water a small piece of the extract of licerice and put between the wires, at one end of the center perch, a piece of white sugar. The seed-boxes should contain sufficient seed for the day. A mixture of canary, rape and hemp seed is usually given, but hemp seed is too fattening. We have always found canary and rape the best.

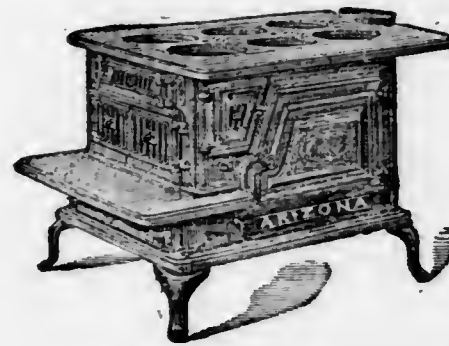
VELVET CREAM.—One-half ounce of isinglass dissolved in one and a half cups of white wine, the juice and rind of one lemon, and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Simmer till mixed, then strain and set to cool. Add a pint and a half of rich cream and stir until quite cold; then set in, molds on the ice, until it becomes as stiff as blanc mange. Orange peel and juice is finer than lemon.

COLD SLAW.—Cut a cabbage in half, and with a sharp knife shave it down very finely. Make a dressing of one egg well beat, half a gill of vinegar, a tea-spoonful of butter and salt to suit the taste. Beat the egg light, and add to it the vinegar, butter and salt. Beat this until the egg becomes thick, then take it from the fire, and when it becomes cool, pour it over the cabbage, and mix well together. Some add sugar to the dressing.

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